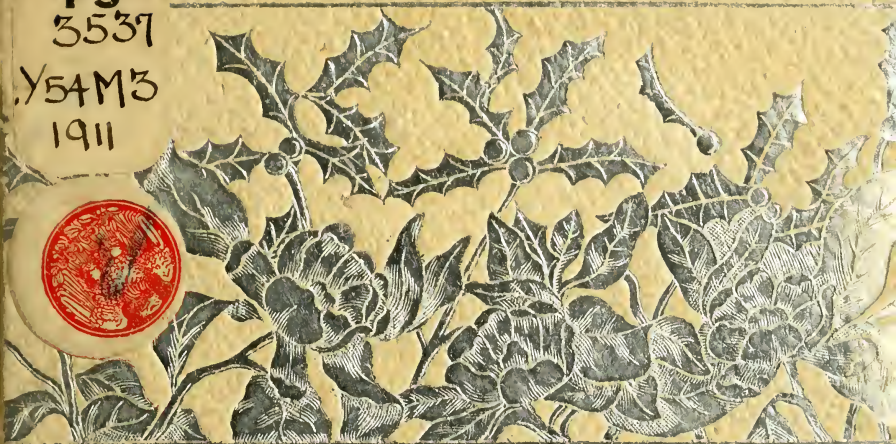
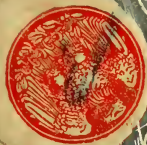


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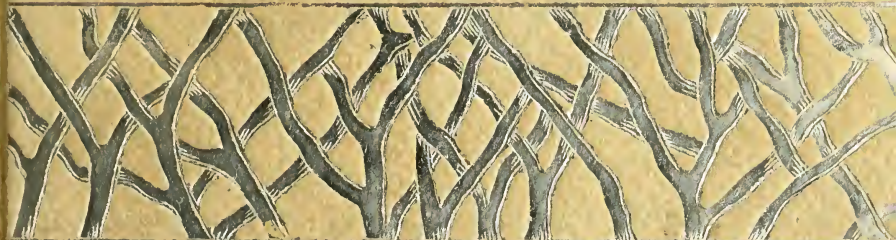
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MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS AND HOLLY BERRIES.

BY
LETITIA VERTREES WATKINS.
(MRS. PULLMAN)





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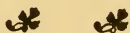
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MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS AND HOLLY BERRIES



SCATTERED BLOSSOMS OF THOUGHT
IN
YOUTH'S WHITE MORNING
AND
GARNERED BERRIES OF RIPENED YEARS



BY
LETITIA VERTREES WATKINS
(Mrs. Pullman)¹¹

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1911.

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To My Beloved Children

LLOYD, ELEANOR AND GLEYN VERTREES—WATKINS

I Tenderly Dedicate This Volume

The Author

COVER DESIGN
by
VERA RICHTER

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PRESS OF SCHOLL LITHOGRAPHING CO.,
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♦ **I** bring no pompous thought to offer here;
No words whose welcome may be based
upon

The thesis of the merits of their depths;
No lofty flight of genius have I hit
Upon the golden wing of fancy, here
To pin within the covers of my book;
Nor yet may you expect to find a feast
Of wit, keen, floating in the richness of
Bright repartee in comedy or farce.
I tender here my humble offering,
The fruit more of the loving heart and hand
Than offspring of the learned, mellowed brain.
The melody of woman's inner life,
The breathing of deep feeling, faith and love
Must be its best excuse for being born.

WIND OF THE GREAT FAR WEST

What art thou saying tonight,
Wind of the great Far West?
Sweeping across the prairie,
Thrilling the desert's breast;
Down from the mountain ranges,
Over the plains of sage,
Weaving thy tales and legends,
Out of an infinite age.

What art thou saying tonight,
Wind of the great Far West?
Strong and electric, soul-thrilled,
Searching each hollow and crest;
Weaving in spiral banners
Dust of the winding trail,
Soft as the siren's wooing,
Sad as the life's hapless wail.

What art thou saying tonight,
Wind of the great Far West?
Whisper thy prophecy here,
Here in my heart of unrest;

Cool its pulsations of pain,
Answer to its desire
Shall life ever satisfy
Or life's energy tire?

Hear what it whispers to me—
Wind of the great Far West,—
“Who hath not all needs fore-filled
“Solves life's deep problem best.
“Energy's tireless strife
“Reaching from earth to the sky
“Teaches the soul at last, “this
Life shall not satisfy.”

What art thou saying tonight,
Voice of the infinite,
Reaching from nature's pages
Into the living spirit?
Out of the depths of the Soul
Rises the prophecy
After the resurrection
Life shall then satisfy.

THOU TEACHETH ME

The language of the sea
Was new to me;
Thou taught me how to read
Its wondrous words,—
There where the grey sea-weed
And tinted shell
Lay strewn upon the shore
Where thou didst lead;
Where screamed the wild sea-birds,
Mocked by the roar
Of each incoming swell
That rose and fell.

The language of the sea
Thou taught to me
Can never be unsaid;
The sea-gull's scream,
The shells, the wild wind's roar
May pass away
And "ocean yield her dead,"
But that sweet dream

By the bright waves' restless play
That came to me
Is written on the shore
Eternity.

COSMOS

O, rocky cliff and woodland,
O, verdant plain and hill,
High-born of mystic Being
Obeying His grand will,
My stay with thee is finite,
My life is but a span,
While thou through time enduring
Hast lived since time began!

The thought oft' rushes o'er me
While with thee I commune,
Why livest thou forever
And perish I so soon?
Sublime the Craftsman's knowledge
That fashioned thee so fair;
How can I know His resource
And of His wisdom share?

Thou givest me the touchstone,
O, Nature, trust for trust,
Life's mystery when unraveled
Is not of crumbling dust.
When thou art hurled in chaos,
Each crag and river's wind,
When hushed thy myriad voices
I'll know my life is Mind.

Fair Nature! though so perfect,
The Soul outrivals thee;
Thou hast but *Time* for master
I have Eternity.

BY AND BY

Is thy burden heavy;
Hast thou pain and sorrow;
Seems thy pathway rougher
On each coming morrow?
Have thou courage, Friend,
All these shall end

By and by.

Hast thou precious loved ones,
Hearts to thee belonging?
Forget not the lone ones
On life's highway thronging.
Speak, oh tenderly,
It may strengthen thee

By and by.

If thy lot is regal
And thy home a palace
To the poor and and hapless
Let not thy heart grow callous.
For these, and night and day
Shall pass away,

By and by.

Every spirit groweth
By each day's fair measure,
And His records showeth
Of thy work and leisure.
Oh, let those pages gleam
Fair as some dream
 By and by.

Bring thy sheaves, Achievement;
God doth hold the balance.
By the light He to thee sent
He will judge their value.
Work, nor pause to weep,
For all must reap
 By and by.

LILACS

I stood in the flush of the morning
Where the glint of the sunlight fell
On the emerald blade of the iris
With its bloom like a tinted shell.
I heard the low murmur of grasses
And the sound of a footstep fall
On the turf at my side 'neath the lilacs
Beside the old garden wall.

My world was a royal kingdom
Arrayed in fair garments that day,—
The iris and lilacs in purple,
Each heart-throb asserting love's sway.
My king 'neath the lilac tree standing,
Debonaire and handsome and tall,
Was whispering, "My darling, I love you,"
Beside the old garden wall.

The scent of those purple lilacs
That was thrilling my senses through
With its charm, on that early May morning
While the sun glinted down on the dew,

From my memory has never vanished;
Its sentiment never can die,
For the soul of the flower is perfume
Which death and decay will defy.

When my spirit grows weary with waiting
For youth's promises unfulfilled
I turn to the the poor faded flowers:—
The aroma they once distilled
Floats dreamily over my senses
With its exquisite olden thrill,
And I think as the fragrance of flowers
So love clings to womanhood, still.

LAKE HELEN, FLORIDA

Fare-thee-well, O, fair Lake Helen—
Sparkling 'neath the southern sky,—
For I turn my footsteps northward
And my leave of thee draws nigh.

I would sing once more my carols,
I would dip again the oar,
I would drift upon thy bosom
Out beyond thy green-leaved shore.

I would prophecy sweet memories—
Memories sacred that endear—
That shall cluster round my heart-strings
In each coming untried year.

I may drift serenely onward
O'er earth's measured sea of time,
But I'll dip the oar of pleasure
In no fairer, sunnier clime.

Friends may fail or spurn or leave me,
May not read the soul that burns

Bright and glowing with a purpose
Purer than the tongue that spurns;

But I know thy heart, O, Nature!
Mine beats close with every throb,
Be it lilt of love's sweet song-burst
Or pain's plaint—an unvoiced sob.

While I sail life's short spanned lakelet
Reaching towards Eternity,
Not a shadow dear Lake Helen,
Shall arise with thoughts of thee.

Now, farewell, thou sun-kissed waters!
Soul to Soul commune with me!
Oh! The inspiration gathered
Comes from out Infinity.

SILENT VOICES

There is not a star that twinkles
In heaven's clear, calm sky
But speaks to me assurance
Of life that cannot die.

There is not a dew-drop glistens
O'er all the the glens and hills
But wakes my soul to gladness
And all my being thrills.

There is not a flower that bloometh
In form and color rare
But whispers to me softly
God's love is every where.

There is not a faint soft zepher
E'er stirs the twilight hour
But wakes my sense of music
Caught from celestial choir.

And not a wave rolls onward
In ocean's mighty deep
But voices my own earnest
Of faith in God to keep.

ONLY A BUNCH OF SNOW-BALLS

Only a bunch a of snow-balls!
But I touch them with loving care,
For in each petal's pureness
I can read a sweet message there.

Only a bunch of snow-balls
That was placed in my hand today,
Placed with that smile of gladness
That chases earth's darkness away.

White as the driven snowflakes
Are these flowers of purity;
Pure as these flowers, her heart is,
For her face is its surety.

Only a bunch of snow-balls!
But back of the deed is the thought,
As in her face of beauty
Is the glory our God hath wrought.

Frail are the lovely flowers
To the sensuous human eye,
But in the realm supernal
Is love's thought that can never die.

And the sweet lesson gathered
From the gift, and the giver, too,
Are in my soul's own Being
Reflected, living and true.

MY PEARLS

I have a string of pearls
On memory's golden thread—
Each one a sacrifice,—
The living and the dead.

The purest and the best
I find within my soul
When S-e-l-f lies bleeding, crushed
Upon a rock-girt shoal.

Be swift, O heart of mine.—
With memory's tears still wet—
To count Love's selfless pearls,
Lest thou shouldst e'er forget.

ROSEBUD

He, passing, touched a floweret
That grew upon his way
And murmured one word only,
“Rosebud,” one idle day.

It fell like dews of evening
Where all day long the sun
Had cast his fiery glances
Upon some tender one.

He came again, low bending;
His breath upon the air
Soft stirred the waking floweret
Like an unspoken prayer.

As drops the rain of heaven
In grateful, gentle shower,
To every soul awakening
There works some subtile power,

To quicken its unfoldment
And latent gifts expose;—

From mysteries of the Rosebud
Burst forth the perfect Rose.

He saw, and every fiber
Quivered with strange unrest.
He plucked it in its freshness
And pressed it to his breast.

"I know that I must perish,"
Whispered the trembling flower,
"But to thee, my inspiration
"Shall never lose its power;

"The bloom of leaves may wither,
"Bright petals fade and die,
"And perish that which renders
"A joy to the human eye,

"But th' faith of love within me
"Shall ever cling to thee,
"Wear it within thy bosom,—
"Star of Immortality!"

TRUE SELF-HOOD

When the silver sands of time
Mark the daylight's near decline
And the brilliant western glow,
Tint by tint, to somber flows,
Yet, before the darkness creeps
Over meadows, hills and steeps;
When each object half reveals
Half its shadowy form conceals,
Then it is in solitude
Awesomely I sit and brood,
While my soul within me grows,
Melts, expands and grandly flows
Out beyond all taint of earth,
Into sense of spirit birth.

Then I feel a hidden hand
From some fair and mystic land
Lead me on and on and on;—
Beautious vistas seem to dawn,
Crowding thickly, thought on thought,
Fairy worlds in vision wrought.

Incomparable the gift
Which doth thus the spirit lift
From the lower thoughts of life,
From the petty cares and strife
Into realms of higher thought,—
Joys which gold has never bought,—
Joys which coarser minds to share
Never give a thought or care.

Oh! Steal not from me this holy hour,
With its soft and subtile power!
Leave me thus at day's decline
To commune with soul of mine!
Panoplied in vestments white
I find my Soul! O radiant Light!

INSPIRATION

Once upon a summer morning
In the glow of early dawning,
Lone, I wandered by the sea.
Winds from off the restless ocean,
In its ever ceaseless motion,
Spake in mystic words to me.

'Neath my feet the sands were glistening,
And the dunes like ramparts bristling
With the Spanish bayonette
In the fore-ground of palmetto,
And the sea bird's shrill falsetto,
To the waves' wild music set.

Restless as the surging ocean,
Tempest tossed by creed and notion,
I had sought o'er earth to know
What is peace and satisfaction;
All endeavor brings reaction,
Every joy its after-woe.

I had trod the peril passes
Of the ice-locked, frozen masses

For an Eldorado bright;
And had quaffed the cup of pleasure
In fair isles, whose cherished treasure
Is the tale of love's delight.

But the hell of earth around me
To my restless being bound me
With its self-forged iron chains,
Whether in the crowded city,
One with man in mirth or pity
Or on solitary plains.

Now, in morning's distillation
Drinking deep of inspiration,
With no human presence near,
All the past seemed futile striving,
As on holy wings uprising
I found *within me* heaven's sphere.

From my inmost being welling
Thoughts too deep for human telling,
While I stood beside the sea.
All the sense of sight beholding

Seemed to be God's own unfolding
Conscious in humanity.

Truth, the wisdom of the ages,
Sought by church and ancient sages,
Is contained in Holy Writ.
God is Mind, and Mind revealing
God as all, down centuries pealing,
"Man's true source is th' Infinite."

Lo! the quickened sense of seeing
God as Life, filled all my being
With a restful peace;
In the Holy Incarnation
Saw I God and man's relation,
Which from death is man's release.

Thus, the ocean, wildly roaring,
And the sea-gull upward soaring,
Glistening sands and fluted shell,
Tropic breezes e'er caressing
Verdant shore, all things expressing
More than human speech can tell.

Thus I saw that in his brother
Each man sees, in truth, no other
Than is measured by *his* rod.
Wealth of love to others being
Is the joy within us singing,
"Be still and know that I am God."

LOVE'S MESSAGE

Light as the lilt of the bird
And deep as the fathomless sea
Comes from the infinite bosom
Love's message to you and to me.

Fragrant as buds that unfold
And modestly blush in the lea,
Strong as life's current untold
Is loves message to you and to me.

A DREAM

They met. The unawakened Past. the pain,
Dumb-voiced; the hidden Want, that ghost-
like—stalked

Beside each soul, like pent up waters, when
Some hapless, broken bar gives birth unto
The maddening torrent, rushed in one wild
swell—

Love's trembling passion—over each, as hand
Clasped hand. They parted. But the brok-
en bar

Could never be replaced. The mystic spell
Could never more be lifted off the Soul
Of each who walked earth's dreary waste alone.

MOONLIGHT ON THE OLD KENTUCKY

Harken to me, Old Kentucky,
For thou still art dear to me;
Look not in such sullen anger
On the smiles I wreath for thee;
Curb thy swollen rage and fury,
Don thy old serenity,
For I've come again to greet thee,
Fill my ideality.

Ah! I knew I was forgotten
By each human old-time friend,
But methought thy gentle waters
Would remember to the end,
For I evermore shall love thee,
Wheresoe'er my footsteps wend,
But I see I am forgotten
By Kentucky, once my friend.

Listen to me, Old Kentucky,
While I whisper in thy ear,
When upon thy placid bosom
Thou to me became thus dear;—

When I glided o'er thy surface
In the summer of the year;—
O'er thy smooth and mirrored surface,—
In the summer of the year.

Dost thou not, dear stream, remember?
It was when the day was o'er,
And the moonlight cast weird shadows
Of the trees along the shore.—
Cast weird shadows on thy bosom,—
Where we drifted near the shore,
While our spirits quaffed the music
Of the softly dipping oar.

Not a shadow, dear Kentucky,
Lay upon my glad heart then,
Not a shade of coming sorrow,
Stole across my bosom, when
On thy waters fell the moonlight
And the shadows in the glen,—
Dreamy moonlight, dimpling starlight,
Casting shadows in the glen.

Surely, River, thou rememberst,
For a spell was on my heart,
Deep and vital as thy waters,
Spell that never can depart.
Human eye could not divine it,
Nor the cunning rod of art,
But the magic rod of nature
Surely read my spell-bound heart.

Ah! I'm sure thou must remember
For thou cooled my love-charged vein;
Laved my forehead with thy waters,
Dipped my trembling hand again.
Oh, the rapture of those moments,—
Held in love's own first sweet thrall,
When reposing on thy bosom,—
Moments long since past recall.

I, like thee, have drifted onward
In the channel of my life;
Overswept great surging sorrows
In life's ceaseless battlestrife.

And like thee have kissed sweet flowers
Blooming o'er the bordered way,
But my memory's drifted never
From that spot of love's sweet lay,—
Oh, my memory lingers ever
On that sweetest dream of day.

ENDEAVOR

Once I dwelt in a land Utopian,
Beyond this terrestrial plain,
In my dreamland, fair as the night-pale
Alhambra
Afar in the Spanish domain.
Dreamed, while I gazed at the granite
primival
And ice-polished boulders, that gleamed
In the summer sun's distillation,—
That storm-waves had severed and seamed;
Or I rocked in the lap of fair Southland
Caressed by her amorous breeze,
Quaffing nectar from odorous flowers
That dallied in the shade of her trees.

Yes, I *Dreamed!* and my daydreams e'er
drifted

As the drifting of desert sands,
From today to tomorrow, and backward
On myself, with my empty hands.

Yes, I *Dreamed*; but the years bore no
fruitage.

Inspiration winged for flight,
Circled high without rudder or compass
Or a purpose of steadfast might.
But I longed to bring forth my Utopia.
Thought struggled to utter its own.
And I cried to my Soul in the Highest
Till its light on my vision shone.
Then I heard, "I have dwelt in the mountains
"And traversed the far desert plain,
"And have carried the wild speculation
"On battle torn field of the slain.
"I have ridden the crest of the ocean
"That ceaselessly tosses and roars,
"And I guided the bark of Columbus
"To Bahama's tropical shores.

“I danced with the prophetess Miriam
“And tempered the cymbral and song.
“I beheld the fair wives of Mohamet,
“And marched with mad war’s marshalled
 throng.
“Though I came with the dawn of Creation
“And to ages of time belong
Yet have never unbuckled my armor,
“Today is my watchword and song.
Each must work as his Master allotteth.
“He showeth to each his own way;—
“To success is through ceaseless endeavor.
“Go work in *thy* Vineyard *today*.”

A MEMORY

Upon a river where the tidal flow
Of ocean rose and fell; where emerald isles
Out-spread as fertile spots in desert lands;
Where, as some spotless thought of purity,
Arose the heron white, and sea-gull's wing
Preened for some seaward flight;—
'Twas there we spread
Our canvas sail, and as the birds above
Cleaving the nether air, we plowed
The watery way.
Then, as the birds with folded wings at rest
Upon the sloping shore, so we at length
Upon the bosom of the pulsing deep
Folded our sail and drifted with the tide.
And drifting thus beyond the green-leaved
shore
We sang the old, old story o'er again,
Accompanied by the wave-toned melody
Of voices of the sea and sacred hour,
Oft since, in sailing on life's wondrous stream
Out near the ocean of Eternity,

My soul, pulsating with the ebb and flow
Of earth-forged joy and pain, and gales that fill
The spreading sail, or lay it low,
I—as the birds their wings enfold the sea beside
Enfold my toiling thought, and drifting with
 the tide,
Sing o'er again my songs of long ago.
The wave-tones as they rise and fall upon
The golden harp of olden memories,
Sweep never sweeter melody than that
Was sung that day while drifting with the tide;
Nor white winged bird e'er rose to typify
A purer, loftier thought than clothed our love.

MY SOUTHLAND

The snow lies white on the mountains
And its frosty breath creeps down
And turns the spray of the fountains
Into glint of jewelled crown.

The face of the ice-locked river
Lies fair as a crystal sea;
Each tree a tremble and quiver
Of sparkling translucency.

There's strength in the trail of winter
Where old Frost King rides and rules
With ice-wings outspread, and glitter
Of merry Christmas yules.

But oh! for the sight of pine trees
With their lofty tufts of green
Astir in the resined soft winds
Of my Southland's sunny sheen.;

And silken caress of softness.—
As the glance of love-lit eye,—

With the touch of tropic moistness
When cloudlets vault the sky.

And oh, for the scent of clover
Midst the tangle of waving grass
And hazy light of October,
And the spring spiced sassafras;

And matchless bloom of magnolia
And the holly on the hill,
And purple petals of hearts-ease
Abloom by the fretted rill;

And stretches of reedy lowlands
Along shore of stream and lake,
Whence rises the evening cackle
Of the marsh-hen in the brake.

And oh, for the sight of moon-glades
Where softly we dip the oar;
Or cooling depths of noon-shades
Where the song birds sing and soar;

Where love has time for the wooing
And the home to be hallowed, blessed,

Instead of this busy doing
Of ceaseless rush and unrest.

O, Southland! home of my dreaming!
Thy rich glow of sunset sky
Is dimmed by the constant beaming
Of my fadeless memory's eye!

It melts the snows of the mountains
Of life's burdens on my heart,
And fret-work of frost touched fountains
Of tears, that tremble and start.

O, Southland! home of my fathers!
May thy day-star higher rise,
Illuming the earnest of future,
With a sunburst of golden dyes!

And out of the ashes of grandeur,
Cemented with unseen tears,
Shall the hand of the Master-Builder
Build higher than vanished years.

THE HOME OF ROBERT LEE

O, stately old mansion of Stratford!
Whose walls have re-echoed the rhyme
And rhythm of heraldic music
In Virginia's palmiest prime,
Unsullied the sword of thy chieftains,
Sheathed only by stern fate's decree,
By th' waters of proud old Potomac,
The home of our Robert E Lee.

Fair Arlington's chivalric splendor
Embalming sweet memories! Where truth
Encircled proud hopes of young manhood,
Love-crowned, the ideal of youth!
Both present and and past erudition
Uniting, in one family tree,
Are sacredly clasped in thy folio,
Fair home of our Robert E. Lee.

Where the finger of duty directed,
'Though humble the pathway it led;
Where courage to turn from fair guerdons
Of earth-glided luster outspread;

Where the hands of God's heavenly angels
Wove chaplets of glory, to be
Unseen and unknown of earth's wisdom,
There was the home of our Robert E. Lee.

In wind-circled tent of mid-winter,
Where flickering camp fires 'glow
Presaged on the dimly lit soldier's chart
Fore-casts of his weal or his woe;
Where none but his soul knew the angel
That calmed life's tumultuous sea,
Lo! there in God's secret pavilion
Was th' home of our Robert E. Lee.

While breezes sweep down from the mountains
Caressing the leaflet and tree;
While stately, historic Potomac
Glides on to unite with the sea;
While names of American heroes
Are numbered with those of the free
In the pulsating heart of true manhood
Is the home of our Robert E. Lee.

In the realm of the Holy City
Are mansions not builded with hands,
And God, the Almighty, doth light them
With splendor of Love's jeweled bands;
Where th' might of Immanuel answers,
Beyond the far tideless sea,
The prayer of the earth-wearied soldier,
Is th' home of our Robert E. Lee.

THE OLD PLANTATION

Where the red clay hills of Georgia
Stretch in gently broked lines,
And the holly and magnolia
In the distant valleys wind
Like a green-hued fringe of splendor
By the brooklet's low confines,
And rich dyes of autumn glory
With the emerald intertwined;—

Stands an old plantation mansion
Which I had not seen for years,

Till one autumn day I wandered
From the city's endless cares
Back to where my childhood's fancy
Once was free, and still endears.
Then old memories rushing o'er me
Filled my eyes with unspent tears.

Now no more the great old kitchen,
With its wood fire on the hearth,
Seems to echo with the gladness
Of the freedom of our mirth;
No old Dinah, frying chicken,
Scolding at her woolly brood;—
“Huh! yo’ Jim, yo’ big, black niggah!
Aint desarvin’ of no food,”—

While she dips a “beaten biscuit”
In “de chicken grabby pan.”
“Tote dis off yo’ lazy niggah!
Hole hit in yo’ thievin’ han’.”
“Yo’ wants one, too? Good fo’ nuffin’!
Allays stealin’ all yo’ can.”
Here another reeking biscuit
Disappears with grinning Dan.

Then the fields were white with cotton,
And the darkies, bending low,
Picked and sang their "Hallilujahs"
Filling all the vale below,
Till the merry, dancing brooklet,
Sparkling in the autumn glow,
Shouted back the joyous "lujah,"
To the darkies, long ago.

In the long white-pillared gallery,
Odorous with sweet jassemine,
In the early days of boyhood,
First I met fair Angeline.
Here we plighted troth forever;
Here our long farewell was said
When I rode to join Lee's army
On the day we two were wed.

Still the pillared-gallery's scented
With the odorous jassamine,
And the yard pavilion's covered
With the blazing trumpet vine.
But the woman of patrician,
Born of the old-time regiem,

Reigns no longer in the mansion,—
Vanished as some cherished dream;—

For, alas, those days are over,
And my hair grown white with age,
Since stern destiny decreeing,
Wrote for us another page.
Still, the red clay hills are fruitful
And the cotton fields are white;
But the darkies “Hunt de ’possum
An’ de coon” no more by night.

All “de fiel’ hand’s,” Dan and Dinah,
Have been scattered too and fro,
And no longer at “de cabin”
Dance to tunes of “fiddlin’ Joe.”
When their hair like mine is whitened
Who will shelter them and feed?
Wandering, thriftless, homeless people,
Hated by the race that freed.

Still the stately, green magnolias
Yield their blossoms in the spring,
And, a garniture for autum,

Fruitage red the hollys bring.
Still, the old plantation mansion
Stands as in my boyhood's prime;
And the flowers in the garden
Grow beside the sage and thyme.

But the glory has departed
With its gentle, reigning queen
And its courtly, genial master
Of the stately old regiem;
And the happy, care-free darkie,
Proud to claim his master's home,
Driven from the old plantation,
Whither?—O'er the earth to roam.

MY FATHER

(CHARLES M. VERTREES)

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the
Most High shall abide under the shadow of the
Almighty." Ps. XCI.

So dwelt my father, "in the secret place of
the Most High."

Through all earth's desert waste of human
Thought, of human trials, human fears and love

He knew the Eye

That "slumbers not nor sleeps" was keeping
Him, and in the highest of his being sought

Through prayer his God,

Till the shadow of the Almighty rested

On him—a benediction from above—

While earth he trod.

As boy, his heart in earnest duty turned

To those who gave him birth.

As man, no truer heart e'er beat for wife.

No toil, no sacrifice of self too great

For those whose worth

He deemed so high,—his wife, his children,
home.

Nor narrow was his heart. It constant burned
With all embracing love
For all humanity, whose pulsing strife
Stirred to its depths his soul, as pain might
Stir the tender dove.

And now they tell me he is dead. *Not so.*

He is not dead.

For that which God has given can never die.
This dream called life,—alternate joy and woe—
Can never shed

On Man the doom of death's inheritance.
God is the Soul of Man. As rays of light
From out the sun,

So Mind, The Infinite, sends forth all life,
And knows its own.

And man shall wake from out material night
To know his life— through spiritual sight—
With God is one.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF
MY NIECE, E. DE. L.

Oh, as the sweet remembrance* of some dream
Divinely perfect; as the breath of air
At whose soft touch our dreamy senses stir
At morning's dawn in the rose-tinted month
Of June, e'en when the matin sun outpours
His flood of glory on the dew-dipped blade
And petals of the opening flowers; as
The lilly bud of spotless purity,
The trusted gardener's tenderest care, scarce to
The fulness of its beauty blown, ere-while
The Master plucked it to his bosom. Thus
She dwells with us in sweet remembrance, as
Some perfect dream by angel vigils kept.
The Master-Hand stretched forth and bore her
Home ere blight or seam of sin had touched
Her fair pure garments' radiant innocence. As
His gardeners, we can only yield his own.
Yet, still we list' for foot steps, nevermore
To press this, glad green earth she loved so
well;

Wake from our sleep, stretch forth our empty
arms

And weep because they fold not to our breast
The form beloved, wherein had dwelt the pure
Exquisite soul that beautified that form

Whose life was love.

Oh, "who could deem it meet
That life so fair should have so short a span!"
But though we mourn her here on earth, we
know

Transplanted to a fairer clime, unfolds,
Beautifies, and lives our Evelyn.

TO MY NIECES, CLARA AND
NETTIE W——

Little blue eyed fairie,
Little black eyed sprite,
Hair of golden sunbeams,
Locks as black as night;

Forms of plump exactness
Set with dimples o'er
Such as might delight us
Now and evermore;

Dancing round so lightly,
Running in and out,
Making mouths unsightly
With a hideous shout;

Asking, talking, teasing
Till I often frown,
Looking quite displeasing
On a tattered gown.

Playing with your "Babies,"
(Silken ears of corn)

Talking great big "Maybies,"
Blisses yet unborn.

Happy little sunbeams!
Run and shout and dance,
Realize your daydreams,
May years your joys enhance.

O, my little nieces,
Though you make my nerves
Shatter into pieces
With your twists and curves,

Yet I'll think with pleasure
In my ripened years
Of this summer's treasure
'Midst your smiles and tears.

Looking from the present
Into coming years—
Like the bright hued pheasant
Soaring in its spheres—

See I two fair maidens,
Each with beauty crowned,
Breathing air sweet ladened
With a love new found.

I'll not judge between you,
The dark eyed or the fair,
I would only screen you
From all coming care.

Fair courageous Clara,
Twirling, twinkling Net,—
Come and kiss me, darlings,
For my eyes with dew are wet.

MY GRANDFATHER'S HOMESTEAD

TO MRS ELLA McFARLAND B——

I've visited the homestead, Nell,
I've slept beneath the roof
Where years ago the swallows wove
Their nests with sticks for woof.
I almost fancied you were there,
As when in youth's warm glow
We played together on the lawn
So many years ago.

The old farm house is much the same;
The painted porch is grey,—
Grown grey and old and somber-hued,—
With years, since our day;
The stately hall is just as wide,
The ceiling beams hang low,
But oh! I missed the faces, Nell,
We loved so long ago.

Down by the well the old milk-house,
That wore an ancient look,
Has long since disappeared, dear Nell,

Where we oft' comfort took.
The modest brooklet in the dell
Still murmurs soft and low
And mirrors back the leafy trees
As in the long ago.

Most all the village girls are gone,—
Including you and me:—
Some dwell in new made western homes;
And some have crossed the sea:
And some are sleeping on the hill
Where weeping willows grow
And shed their dewy tear-drops, for
The dead of long ago.

And as I wandered through the house,
The sobbing tears would start,
Not for the loved ones long asleep,—
They still dwell in my heart,—
But for spent years that bear no sheaves
Of fruitage here below,
Of hopes unfilled and deeds undone
I dreamed of years ago.

THE DYING PRAYER OF AN
UNLOVED CHILD

My mother! Wilt thou love me when in death
My lips are mute and motionless?

Mother!

How often from the deeps within my heart
That name has welled—the name that was a
sob!

Thou didst not read my soul aright; and so
I sought companionship in solitude
Of summer woods and fed my hungry heart
On lilt of song-bird's voice, or silent flower
Until my pulse beat one with mother-earth
And all her creatures. They to me
Spake soothing mysteries; so full of love
Yet wordless.

My sisters with a keener wit
Have won approvals' smile I sought—and
missed.

But, mother, couldst thou know, my heart
has been

A tender plant that droops for love
As flowers need to drink refreshing rain.

I'm dying now; too soon my days are told;
I write my prayer for thee before I go.
A prayer, that when my form is laid away
Thou'lt speak my name with tenderness;
and oh,

Unsay thy words of condemnation, which
Within my aching heart were ne'er deserved.
Forget not that 'twas thou that brought me
forth.

Come to my grave in spring time when within
The loom of earth the tiny roots, unseen,
In cosmic joy, shoot forth their tender blades
Weaving, with warp and woof of sun and
showers,

Green meadows violetted carpets. And
When tender buds and leaflets robe the trees;
Methinks they'll know, and wish to lovingly
Wrap deeper shades, as silken curtains drawn,
About my lowly bed.

And in the summer's full effulgent glow,
O Mother! come and softly breath—for her
Whose summertime of life in its rich bloom
Was never known—a benediction.

And oh, I'm sure thou'lt not forget when come
The chill autumnal days, for then it is
That Nature weeps, and all the forests moan
And sadly mourn their lost and dear dead
leaves.

And when the pure white snow-flakes gently
fall

On what thou callst a sin-cloyed earth, as now,
Behold my tomb enrobed in spotless white,
And know that I—not *thine*, but God's own
child—

In heart, in will, in every longing hope,
Have been, and am, as true, as pure as spot-
less snow.

OBEDIENCE

Obey. Obedience is the law
Of life eternal,
And only thus is opened up
The way supernal.
In Life is harmony and health,
And God's perfection
Must by His law be ever found
In His reflection.

THE WAY

You can see the shadow man
With your back towards the light.
Turn your face towards the sun,
Lo! no shadow is in sight.

So it is with sin and care;
Turn your face to God's true Son,
You will find no shadows there,
And your heaven will be won.

THE INCARNATION

I stood as halted Israel's band
Beside a sea,
With doubts and fears like Pharaoh's hosts
Pursuing me.

Above the waves of unbelief
The hand of faith
Unfurled a scroll;
From spiritual Creation
It swiftly traced
Above earth's goal
Through infinitude, the holy
Incarnation.

The troubled sea of unbelief
Grew sweetly calm;
Vanished each fear;
A voice from out the silence spake,
"I am that *I AM!*"
"Lo! *I am here.*"

EASTER DAY

“Awake! put on thy strength, O Zion,”

For the Lord, is come!

The new born earth from bondage loosed,—

no longer blind and dumb—

Has seen the brightness of the glory of

the risen star,

And on this Easter morn across the

eastern sky the bar

Of spiritual light, illumines man

and lifts desire

To holier thoughts and deeds, and song

caught from celestial choir.

Awake! Awake! put on thy strength

O child of God,

And thou shalt be with Truth and Love

and understanding shod.

And with the consciousness of the eternal

Christ,—baptized

In Him,—shalt be no more a worm

rejected and despised.

The Comforter is come, and we have
learned the song, and sing,
Of joys triumphant, for the earth has
now received her King.

THE NEW SONG

Along a slippery path,
Darkened by human wrath
And pride and lack,
I trod a toilsome way.
At times a gleam of light,
A little ray
Of Truth shone through the night
And Love whispered, "fear not,
Nor look thou back."
But close beside me strode
The Adam fear, and sense
Of *Self*, and cast on me
Its human load.

Thus on, now up now down,
I strove to win a crown

Beyond death's door.
The labyrinth of Greed,
Of Ritualism, Creed,
And intellectual Pride
 Oft tripped me up,
And stumbling I lost my guide.

At length I spied afar
A gleaming, new-born star,
And from the mountain height,
 Where shone the light,
I heard a joyous song
 Of spiritual need
 Without a creed.
Ere long the glad refrain
A thousand voices caught
 And echoing rang,
All tremulous with joy,
Heralding the new-born King.

The New Song, new to me,—
Though old as life itself—
At first I could not sing,

Nor the glorious light could clearly see,—
Blinded by earth's alloy.
But when I caught the strain
And with Christ's eyes beheld,
I lost my sense of Self
And of this earth-won pelf;
While dogmas, Creeds and Fears
Vanished, as vanish years.

 I woke at last
To know I had no past,
To know the dread suspense
 Was but a dream,—
Only a dream of sense;—
Never to backward look
Over the paths mistook;
Never to cry with want,—
For God's the constant Font;
Never to tread alone,
For in His Love, complete
My own I meet,
In God, the perfect One.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Give me, O Father, the water of Life;
Hide me, I pray thee, from danger and strife;
Feed me with goodness that yet I may grow
More like my Saviour, the humble and low;
Breath in my spirit the essence of love;
Fill me, pervade me with light from above;
Lead me through pastures that tell of thy
Word,—

Down by still waters where millions have
heard,

Mellowed as music of silvery chimes,
Murmured and echoed unnumbered of times,
“Peace on the earth and good will unto men,
Jesus is born in Bethlehem.”

Give me, dear Father, the faith to behold
The promise the star in the East foretold;
Be thou my mentor through pleasure or pain;
Grant that for me thy Word be not vain;
Give me the impress of Truth on my heart;
More of thy Grace to my spirit impart;

Make me as pure as to mortals 'tis given
Treading in meekness the pathway to heaven.
Bless me to-day while glad anthems are sung,
Now while sweet harps to thy praises are
 strung.

High on the mountain top, deep in the glen,
 "Peace on the earth and good will unto
 men."

UP FROM THE VALLEY

I have stood on the heights of the mountain
And caught glimpses of glory from God.
I have drunk pure draughts from Life's
fountain

Treading soft where His angels have trod.

But before I caught views from this mountain
I had "bowed to the chastening rod;"
I had drunk of the bitter from fountains
In the Valley of Earth and its Clod.

Would you dwell on the heights of this
mountain

And commune with the angels of God
And eternally drink at Life's fountain?
Be unselfish, Truth-armored, Love-shod.

In the meekness and might of the Spirit
Is the Truth that illumines the way
And the love that to Love ever leads us
Till the Light fades no more from the Way.

MY ANGEL

At the door of a sepulchre,
Where lay buried the sweetest dream
Of my human desires and hopes,
I beheld the bright pinions gleam
And was touched by the guiding hand
Of an Angel of wondrous Presence.

It led me beyond the dry sands
And dead bones of earth's desert,
Beside living waters, through lands
Of new promise and green pastures,
Where night dimmed never that glory.

Would you know the name of my Angel?
The name of that Presence no tongue
Of mortal hath ever spoken,
So hallowed and precious, 'tis sung
Only within the hushed Silence
Of Spirit.

Its form hath been seen
By no eye of the human.

For sense may not part back the sheen
Of its wondrous glory.

Nor can it be touched by the heart
Still bleeding for buried treasure.
For this Angel of Life hath no part
In earth's sensuous pulse-beat of pleasure.

At the "door of the tomb of the past,"
Thou canst rise with this Saviour
Only when thou art willing to grasp
Firm hold of the Allness of Spirit
And consciously crucify Self,
The serpent of Sense.

In each soul dwells the name of this Angel.
In the inward and upward soaring
Of thought it shall ever be nigh.
Rise, then, in the highest of Being
To meet the Most High,
Where no sense of the mortal hath trod.
For 'tis here dwells the name of my Angel,
In the glorified Trust in God.

PUT UP THY SWORD

(ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL XVIII.)

"Put up thy sword into its sheath."

Not thus the spirit strives,
But by the sword invisible
The Christ forever lives.

"Put up thy sword into its sheath,"

There is a power on high;
The cup the Father gives to drink
Is Life and Victory.

What though this temple be destroyed?

The living Word am I.

The Word hath power to build again
And mortal law defy.

"Put up thy sword into its sheath,"

O, striving world of pain!

Let go of Self and grasp the Truth
If thou the goal wouldst gain.

The Truth is God. His law is Love.

Love bears the sword of Light,

Which hath a keener edge than steel
And vanquishes death's night.

"Put up thy sword into its sheath."

"All power is given to me."

That which the Father gives the Son
The Son bestows on thee.

THY WORD

The treasures of thy kingdom is thy Word.

Thy Word is Life.

Oh speak thy Word in me! As shepherds
heard

That watchful night

So let *my* consciousness, a living ear,

Catch the sweet tones

Proclaiming through the night, Lo! He is here,

The Prince of Light.

TIME AND ETERNITY

Old Time is but a phantom,
The image of man's fears;
The grim and gruesome shadows
Of limitation's years.

And when the full salvation
Upon man's vision dawns
We'll know that God's creation
Knows neither night nor morn.

God is the Life eternal,
And man the crystal stream
That flows therefrom supernal
And as his source, supreme.

Go seek that lofty mountain;
Thy stream of life shall be,
As beauteous as its fountain.
'Tis all there is—To Be.

LINES

What art thou, immortal Man?
Dost thou call thy life a span
Of troubled years?
Hast thou never heard, "I Am"
In the tempest, bringing calm
To mortal fears?

Shut the door of human sense;
Lo, within the vast expanse
Of the Supreme
Thou shalt know "I AM" is all
Eternity, and never yields to call
Of earth's false dream.

A PRAYER

Heavenly Father, loving me,
Lift my thoughts on high to thee.
In the light of Truth and Love,
Which I apprehend above,
Is no room for matter's claim;
Error hath no place or name.

For "within thy light we see
Light" which bids all darkness flee.
Knowing all in all is Mind
Perfect Trust in Thee we find.
Knowing Love, my God is near,
Naught of earth can cause a fear.

MEMORIAL

Thou saidst, "I found thee all too late."
Not so. For with my coming came the
Truth
To Thee. The Truth that sets the captive
free
From sin, disease and death eternally.
And though thou didst not wait to prove it all,
Yet thou wilt not forget that error's thrall
Had never power over God's own child.
E'en now thou knoweth that thou hast never
died.
Only a journey taken along the shore
Of time. Only another step within
The grand unfoldment of the eternal Mind.
And thou wilt come again to me when both
Have "Overcome" and wrought out destiny;
And "death is swallowed up in victory."
Not by the journey taken in the change
called death
For God is all of Life. His child can never die.

LENTEN THOUGHTS

Humbly, Lord, unto the cross I cling.
Humbly to my Master would I bring
Heart repentant for each wrong e'er done,
Or for life's achievements not yet won.

In the agony upon the cross;
When thy followers deemed thy life a loss;
When within the narrow tomb low laid
Thou the debt for me and others paid;

When thou worked alone within the tomb,
Knowing God as life dispelled the gloom.
And those energies of life divine
Which thou claimed, may I not claim as mine?

If I do the works thou gavest me
May I not that resurrection see?
Humbly then, I fast from pleasures vain,
Thus with Thee some higher joys to gain.

Let me drink thy cup of woe, Dear Lord,
If thereby I learn to speak thy word.
Let me die to self and live in Thee,
Finding life in humble fealty.

"IF I WERE DEAD"

If thou "wert dead what difference would it
make?"

But thou canst never die, nor canst thou
"wake."

Earth's sunshine and earth's men may pass
away;

Friends may or may not "Grieve for thee a
day;"

The flowers no longer bear their fragrant
blooms;

And cease the tread of feet within these
rooms;

And busy Nature take no thought nor care
That thou no longer tread this thoroughfare.

Nay, busy Nature may, herself, desolve

And back to chaos smiling earth resolve.

But *thou* canst never die. Immortal man!

Nor can that "wake" which never sleeps.

This span

Called life but symbolizes life itself.

And sun and moon and stars, and flesh and
blood

Are but the symbols of the mighty Whole
That pulsates life,—and is the Life and Soul.

ANDREW JACKSON'S RIDE

Down de red clay road a ridin',
Jes' beyant ole Tyson's hill,
I saw Andrew Jackson, mule-back,
Toten co'n to Jason's mill.

He wah singin' hallilujah
When he hyah a ghostes moan,
(So he say) right in de bushes,
An' hit jibber, "Yo' 's alone."

Den he hush his hallilujah,
An' he flip-flap at dat mule;—
Sho' de God almighty only
Knows which wah de bigges' fool.

Dey is slow down at ole Jason's,
An' de sun wah goin' down

When comes Andy wid his meal-bag,
Lookin' skeery all aroun'.

When he come to dem same bushes,
F'om de hill not fuh away,
A hoot-owl hoots out, "Who-te-who!"
"Andrew Jackson," skeert, he say.

Den he jab he heels laik debils
'Gin dat critter's ole tough hide,
An' de critter kick de pebbles
Till laik Jehu he did ride.

Den I yell, "Hyah! whar yo' gwine
Wid dat picture of a mule?
Don' yo' know de debil's watchin'
Fo' to cotch a niggah fool?"

"I knows all about about dat critter,
Knows he b'longs to farmer Black,
An' I'll bet yo' done gone stole him
F'om de ole man's cattle shack!"

Down de Run Ole Jerry streaked it,
Wid dat niggah's b'ar-foot heel

Diggin' in his ribs laik augers,—
But dat tough hide couldn't feel!

Early in de 'ceedin' mornin',
On my way to Boltonskeep,
In de crick de mule stood balkin',—
Andrew Jackson fas' asleep.

Sho' I shook my sides a laughin',
Fo' I knowd dat balkin' mule
All night long had been a standin'
In de water keeping cool.

Den I said, "Yo' upstart niggah!
I will l'arn yo' how to steal!"
An' I stripped an' went in cautious,—
Cotch dat niggah by de heel.

Den he roll up laik a 'possum,
Yelled, "de debil cotch de niggah fool!"
Den together wid de meal-bag
Dropped into de fishin' pool.

ME AN' MARSSA DAN

Ole Marssa Dan one day he said,
 "Go fetch some water cool;—
Be quick, or I will bus' yo' haid,
 Yo' lazy niggah fool!"

I crammed a biscuit down my th'oat,—
 I stole hit f'om de pan,—
Sho' dar wah allus 'nough to eat
 When sarvin' Marssa Dan.

De cut-glass pitcher den I took
 An' sa'ntered to de spring;—
I knowd by Marssa's very look
 He wouldn't bus' a thing.
Hoo—hink! I smell de cookin' stuff;
 I knowd I'd sop dat pan,
Fo' sho' I allus had enough
 When sarvin Marssa' Dan.

Down by de spring I hyah a soun,"
 A million trampin' feet,—
I seed de blue-coats comin' down—

Ten million—down de street!
Ise skeert until I couldn't stan'.—
Dem men kicked such a dus',—
I turned to run to Marssa Dan,—
De pitcher fell an' bus'!

“We'll give yo' fo'ty acres lan',
“A mule to plow hit wid,
“If yo' will show us Marssa Dan,—
“Yo' po' starved, cullud kid.”
I stop an' scratch my haid a spell,
Den said, “Der ain't no lan'
“In all dis yearth dat yo' kin give,—
“Hit b'longs to Marssa Dan.”

An' den dey tell me I is free,—
I do jes' what I please,—
On fo'ty acres lan' I'd be
A gen'man of ease.
Dey went up to de big brick house,
But foun' no Marssa Dan,
He slipped off slick as any mouse,—
An' dey licked clean de pan.

De Norf win' 's cold;—no home I foun';
My ha'r hits white as snow;
Dey ain't no vituals layin' roun',
Laik in de long ago.
But whar's de fo'ty acres lan'
An' mule dey promised me?
I'd ruther sarve ole Marssa Dan
Than *starve* jes' 'case Ise *free*.

ME AND MINE

(A COON SONG)

Huh ha'r hit am black as tar-drip;
Huh nose am flat;
Huh jaw laik a eight-day pen'lum,—
But what o' dat?
She hoes mo' long rows o' cotton
Dan any coon,
An' bast-es de roastin' 'possum
Wid a gou'd spoon.

She dances de mostes dances
On Christmas night,—
An' dat causin' me an' Sambo
To hab dat fight.

She hab a new dress o' yaller;
Huh hat am red,
Wid bright purple bows, becomin'
To huh wool haid.

When Linda fus' wo' dat yaller
Sho' she look nice,—
De day de cullud parson
Me an' huh did splice.

An' now dat de weddin' 's over
She b'longs to me;—
I *reckon* dar'll be no mo' foolin'
Wid Sam,—tee-hee!

WEEPING WILLOWS

On a sugar cane plantation
Two wah bo'n to yearth one night.
In de cabin wah de darkie,
An de mansion chile wah white;—
While de gently swayin' willows
In de souf-win' from de billows
Of de fuh-off sea, went sighin',
Laik some homeless wanderer cryin',
 Cryin, cryin,
Laik some homeless wanderer cryin'.

An de mansion chile wah christened
John Lee Grafton,—Marse John.
I wah dubbed dat mornin' Sambo,—
Fo' 'twas I de cabin bo'n;—
While de gently swayin' willows,
In de souf-win' from de billows
Of de fuh-off sea, sighed kindly,
Laik a chile a trustin' blindly,
 Blindly, blindly,
Laik a chile a trustin' blindly.

Marse John went coatin' Mist'ess;
I, de maid, black Naincy Jane.
He did honors in de parlor,—
I kissed Naincy in de lane,
Whar de gently swayin' willows
In de souf-win' from de billows
Of de fuh-off sea, said, "Lis'n,
To de soun' of dat sweet kiss'n,
 Kiss'n, kiss'n,
To de soun' of dat sweet kiss'n.'

All de gentry in de kentry
Came one day to see him wed,
Den I pluckered up my courage,
An' to Marse John I said;—
"Hyah de gently swayin' willows
"In de souf-win' from de billows
"Of de fuh-off sea keep soughin',
"Widout love dis life am nuffin',
 Nuffin', nuffin',
Widout love dis world am nuffin'."

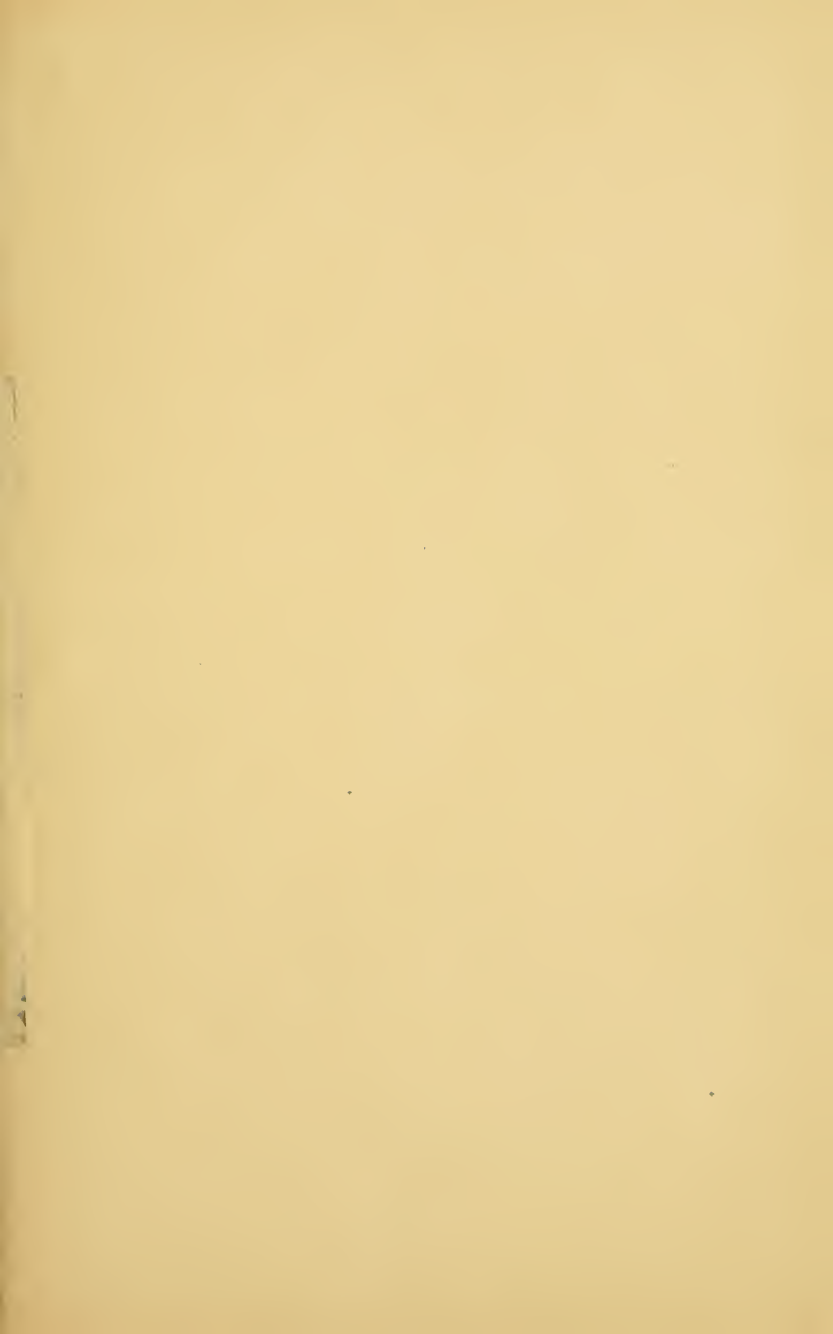
“To dis yearth we came together;
“Both wah named de self-same day;
“Tie de knot fo’ me an’ Naincy
“While de parson’s in de way.”

Den de gently swayin’ willows
In de souf-win’ from de billows
Of de fuh off sea, went Singin’,
Jes’ laik weddin’ bells a ringin’,
 Ringin’, ringin’,
Jes’ laik weddin’ bells a ringin’.

In de mansion an’ de cabin
All did feast dat weddin’ day.
Since den, I journeyed long wid Marse
Down life’s ’ventful, changeful way.
But now Marse John is sleepin’
’Neaf de willows weepin’, weepin’,
An’ I’s waitin’, longin’, sighin’,
Fo’ my good ole Marse cryin’,
 Cryin’, cryin’,
Laik a homeless wanderer cryin’,

In de mansion an' de cabin,
Each one sarvin' in his place,
Bo'n an' lived an' died de record
Of each kindred and each race.
All mus' sleep, while weepin' willows
Sing de requi'm. Sho' as billows
Of de fuh-off sea come sweepin',
Jes' so sho' on yearth dey's weepin',
 Weepin', weepin',
Jes' so sho' on yearth dey's weepin'.

Thus fo'evah an' fo'evah
Rolls de tide of human sea;
Dis one comin' dat one goin',
Jes' laik Marse John an' me.
Oh, de people! laik de willows
In de souf-win', from de billows
Of de livin' sea, am bendin'
Under joys an' woes unendin',
 Endin', endin',
Under joys an' woes unendin'.



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